Čaptain Dill upon Hogg-back.

A New BALLAD, of ſome Exploits of the Noble Captain *DILL*.

(To the Old Tune of *Sallengar*'s Round.)

AT the firſt beginning of Sallengar's *Round, the* Man *leap'd into the Moon.*
The Maid ſhe ſh—t in the Cream-pot, and the Cat piſs'd in her ſhoon.
Hobſon's *Horſe was turn'd to graſs, he ſh—t and there ſprung a Roſe.*
The Captain ſlap'd Madam Dill *on the A—s, and ſhe ſpirted on his Hoſe.*
Chorus Sing the Tune.

The largeſt Hog this Captain had, that any where could be found,
Was ſhod and pac'd, and he mounted him when he went to look his ground.
Ump, quoth the Captain, Ump quoth the Hog, and thus they grunted together,
But the briſtle-back Beaſt ſo fridged his A—s, that the Captain loſt his Leather.
Chorus as before.

This Hog being hungry, ſet up his ſnout, and ran to a Field *of Bean,*
Which pleas'd this Captain wond'rous well, for there he met his Quean.
Both had their deſires, for the Hog with Beans his Belly full well did fill,
Whilſt the Captain with his Halfpike in his hand fell to work with Miſtriſs Dill.
Chorus as before.

A Butcher in our Town hath a rare Wife, as many there do know,
He told her that ſhe play'd the Whore, ſhe bid him ſay with who?
With that Rundlet *of* T—rd *the Captain (he ſaid) ſhe anſwer'd he lent us Brick*
To caſe our Houſe, ſo in return, I but lent him a Caſe for his P——ck.
Chorus as before.

This Captain and this Dame agreed to drink a pot of good Ale,
And penny for penny they were to ſpend, as himſelf hath told the Tale.
But when the reck'ning was called for, not a penny would ſhe pay,
So he up with her Foot, and for a pawn, took Buckle and Shooe away.
Chorus as before.

This ſhooe with ſilver Buckle next morn, in's pocket was found by his Wife,
He got the Buckle and ſhe the Shooe, which cauſed very great ſtrife.
She rap'd him o'th' head with the ſhooe, and ſaid, what makes thee abroad to ramble
I have fleſh enough for thee at home, quoth ſhe, thou needs not go to the Shamble.
Chorus as before.

A Turky-Cock this Captain had, the ſtouteſt in all our Shire,
And eveoy one who ſaw this Bird, did very much him admire.
But as the Captain was with a Wench, one Evening on a Monday,
Three arch Wags came ſtole him away, and made of him Solomagunday.
Chorus as before.

This Captain likewiſe had a fine Horſe which he proffered for to ſell
To a Noble Lord, a Dutch-*man's Son, but mark what then befell,*
A Dutch-*man came to mount this Horſe at the Noble Lord's deſire,*
But Minheer *not uſed to ride ſuch a Steed, was thrown into the Mire.*
Chorus as before.

Minheer *got up and call'd for his Sword, to run the Captain thorough,*
Which cauſed the Captain in a great fright, to retire into his Burrough;
Where being told, he was but the Lord's Cook, and not his Gentleman,
The Captain recover'd his wonted Courage, and out he comes again.
Chorus as before.

Thou greaſy paltry Scab, *quoth he, I'd have thee to know with a Pox,*
I ſerv'd a Peer of Great-Britain, *thou art but a Butter-Box.*
The Captain then ſwagger'd and ſtrutted about with his Face ſo ſcarlet Red,
Moſt People thought his great Turkey-Cock had been riſen from the Dead.
Chorus as before.

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